

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Qu. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle *Suffolke*,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is irreuocable.
Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exit King and Warwicke, Manet Qu. and Suffolke.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
There's two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suff. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes grones,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,
As leane fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinkes my burthened heart would breake,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
Their sweetest shade a groue of Cypresse trees.
Their softest touch as smart as lyzards stings.
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hisse.
And boding scritch owles make the consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Qu. Enough sweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy selfe.

Suff. You bad me ban, and will you bid me cease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Yorke and Lanc.

Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie
Or liue where thou wilt within this w
He haue an Irish that shalt finde thee o
And long thou shalt not stay, but ile ha
Or venter to be banished my selfe.
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand
That when thou seest it, thou maist thin
Away I say, that I may feele my griefe.
For it is nothing whilst thou standest h
Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten ti
Once by the King, but three times thr

Enter Vawse.

Queene. How now, whither goes *V*

Vawse. To signifie vnto his Maiesty
That Cardinall *Bewford* is at point of d
Sometimes he raues and cries as he we
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke *Humfr*
And whispers to his Pillow as to him,
And sometimes he cals to speake vnto
And I am going to certifie vnto his G
That euen now he cald aloud for him.

Queene. Go then good *Vawse* and

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men m
And woe am I for *Bewfords* heavy end.
But why mourne I for him, whilst tho
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to Fran
For if the King do come, thou sure mu

Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but
VWhat were it else, but like a pleasant
Heere could I breathe my soule into t
as milde and gentle as the new borne
That dies with mothers dug betweene
VWhere from my sight I should be rag
and call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying sou
That I might breathe it so into thy bo

Queene.